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THE HUTTLESTONIAN

PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF FAIRHAVEN HIGH SCHOOL

Vol. I

Fall Issue, 1923

No. I.

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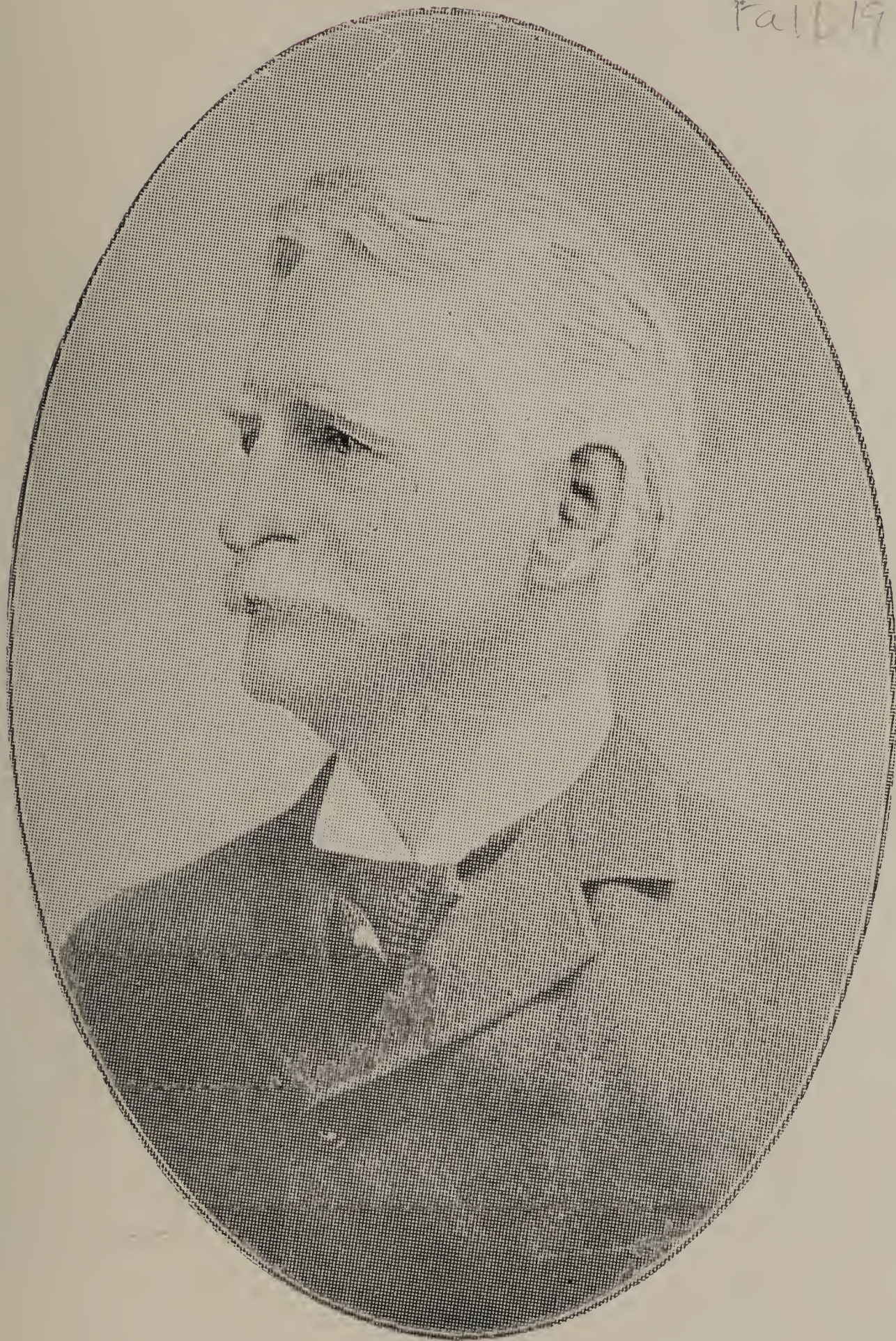
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Ten Minutes With The Principal

"The other day," says our assistant-editor, "it was my good fortune to find Mr. Dickey alone in his office for a few consecutive moments, and to get him to express his ideas about 'School Spirit'."

"There is no boy or girl who goes to school, especially to high school," said Mr. Dickey, "who does not in some way show or develop school spirit. School spirit is a general term for something which is very elusive and which can not be defined in a group of related words. This attitude, as that is what it comes closest to being, should show itself in every pupil in everything that he thinks, he says, or he does. No branch of school work demands any more 'school spirit' than any other branch because all pupils are not athletic nor are all pupils book worms.

"In all the various organizations, and in the social life of the school curriculum, this vital characteristic is what puts the school at the top. The willingness to work and to fight together is advanced through this medium by the good fellowship between the pupils.

"Athletics, however, bring out this so-called spirit one hundred per cent. Fairness plays the leading role in all branches of athletics and one's standard of fairness is adjusted by the amount of spirit he possesses.

"The people of the community are the critics of the appearance and actions of high school pupils. It is the guardian angel called 'school spirit' who dictates to the majority when they are in doubt.

"And so I might say a school without this spirit could be compared to a government without a head. It is the directing power through the will of the majority."

F. V. S., '25,

The cover of this issue of "The Huttlestonian" was designed by Elsie Perry, '25. Miss Perry is to be congratulated on her cover design, obviously the result of many hours of work. The various plates for the department headings are also products of the art department—the work of diverse students.

We hope that our subscribers will enjoy reading "The Python Hunt" in the present issue of the magazine. The story relates a personal experience of the writer, Frederick Cowles, who has just come to the United States from Africa where he has been living the greater part of his life.

During the month of October many of the pupils in the English Classes enjoyed the study of the short story. Each year the "Boston Traveler" holds a short story contest for High School students. This year a number of students from the Fairhaven High entered the contest. Some of the stories submitted showed unusual originality on the part of the author.

We, the Staff, wish to express our appreciation to Miss Siebert for her enthusiastic and untiring help in gathering and compiling the material for this issue of the "Huttlestonian." We realize that without her valuable guidance we could not have hoped to have made the magazine a success.

We are grateful also for the coöperation of the rest of the faculty and of the pupils who so generously contributed to our support.

"Believe that Today is the greatest day you will see, and that what you do today will count for a thousand times as much as what you may do to-morrow." How true this statement is, and how well we can apply it to our school work! If each one of us would determine in our work or play, to carry out this wise suggestion, how much more we would be able to accomplish. Too often we think of the morrow with direful neglect of the day. It is a common saying among pupils, "Well, I can do it to-morrow. What's the use of worrying?" Oh yes! What is the use? But just try to accomplish a certain task today! Note how much easier is the doing of the work now than at a later date.

Remember that tomorrow never comes! Now is the time! With this in mind, we should gird ourselves for the task, and to-morrow look back with satisfaction on the work of the day.

The Branched Road

THE hoarse blast of a steamer's horn penetrated the fog, into whose pall the dark hull of a vessel was fast disappearing. Down the length of the wharf, dodging in and out among the piles of cargo, the leave-taking friends, and the sweating stevedores, raced the figure of a man. Upon hearing the sound from the steamer, he stopped and a guttural snarl like that of a disappointed beast broke from the depths of his throat. He stood for some time leaning against a pile gazing disconsolately into the fog with a sullen, bitter look on his face. The jangle of the engine room bell, signaling for full speed ahead, reached his ears across the water. He slumped down upon the wharf edge, the collar of his worn, grey coat drawn up close about his bull neck.

Dick Brag realized he had missed more than the boat. When he had obtained a position as a hand on board the *Esthonia* it was the first real step for the better that he had ever taken in his life. And now through his own fault—his own carelessness—he had missed the boat and the chance. Brag drew himself deeper into the scanty folds of his coat. He sat staring at the dark waves that slapped spitefully at the wharf. Finally he drew himself to his feet and shambled back down the wharf to the city.

* * * * *

A circle of light played about the back room of a pawn shop in the more disreputable portion of the city. At last it came to rest on the face of a small safe. Dick Brag knelt down before it and his fingers delicately and carefully twirled the dial. He raised his head to listen. He resumed his work with an ugly chuckle.

He could depend upon Jimmie Lee. Four years before he had missed a boat and instead met Jimmie Lee. He had been taught a trade by Jimmie. It was not honest, perhaps, as honesty runs, but never-the-less profitable. And in many an experience he had learned of Jimmie's devotedness to him. So tonight Jimmie insisted upon remaining faithfully on guard as the outside man.

Suddenly came the sound of flying feet, a shot, and Jimmie's warning voice. Brag leaped to his feet and raced through the door into the alley. He saw Jimmie running but with a reeling stagger.

"Come on," growled Brag,

"I can't," gasped Jimmie. "Shot—my lungs!"

Down the alley came a thunder of feet. A whistle piped shrilly.

"Give me just a lift. We'll make it," Jimmie assured, forcing his voice to hide his pain.

Brag's face paled. The police were coming. Why should he wait for Lee and cast himself into their hands?

"Don't quit on me," begged the wounded man. "I helped you—four years ago."

Brag saw the flash of brass buttons closing in on him. The cowardly soul of Brag gazed wildly from his eyes like an evil face through a dungeon grate. Jimmie saw, and sobbed as Brag turned and fled.

* * * * *

The rain came down in torrents and swept in white sheets along the deck. The ship reeled and rolled as if drunk. Whenever there came a flash of lightning it illuminated a vast expanse of tossing grey water.

Dick Brag standing on the bridge of the *Esthonia* looked on this scene and sneered, sneered at the weather and at the pale face of the man beside him. Four years ago when he had shipped on board the *Esthonia* he had met Thomas who had been in the same position as he. Together they had risen in the service till, owing to Brag's ability to drive men, he had been made captain and at the same time Thomas became chief officer. Thomas had stood by him on several perilous occasions. But for all that, the paleness of Thomas' face caused Brag's thick lips to curl with scorn.

Then there came a rending shock. As the ship began to settle the decks, which were deserted previously, became crowded with panic-stricken passengers. A groan went up as a boat was smashed in the davits by a tremendous wave. But this was changed to a cry of joy when a sheet of lightning more vivid than the rest, showed a steamer in the offing toiling valiantly through the heavy seas to the rescue. Four boats were launched safely. Brag and Mr. Thomas left in the last boat. As it dropped swiftly to the dark water below, the ship lurched and in an instant the boat was crushed like an egg shell against its side.

Brag struck the water with a cry. When he reached the surface his hand clutched at some floating debris. He clambered on to it. It stayed afloat. Then he looked about and saw the pale face of

(Concluded on Page 24)



Commercial Club Initiation

ON Tuesday, October the ninth, at 3:15 o'clock, the Junior members of the Commercial Class lined up outside of the gymnasium, ready to be initiated into the Commercial Club by the Senior members. The Juniors were blindfolded, and each was led into the "gym" by a Senior. Half of the Junior boys (possibly because they were bashful) came in late, but they certainly received their share of the initiation,—and then some.

Ancient eggs, five thousand years old, crocodiles straight from the Nile, and angle worms, which were fine eating, all added to the fun at the initiation. Judging from the screams and laughter of the Juniors, they evidently enjoyed their tortures as much as did the Seniors, who watched them "take their medicine." After going through all the stunts, the members were seated in

a circle around the center of the "gym", and each Junior had a chance to show his, or her, ability in doing a stunt, before they could remove their blindfolds. They also had to swear solemnly to live up to the Shorthand Oath:

"I solemnly swear,
By the hair of my head,
To each night do my Shorthand,
Before going to bed.
I'll not park under lamp posts,
Or sit on a stone wall,
For the next day in Class,
My Shorthand will fall."

Refreshments, consisting of fancy cookies and ice cream were then served to make up for previous harsh treatment. The ice cream happened to be banana, and it was suggested by one of the committee

that we sing "Yes, We Have No Bananas", for the benefit of those returning for a second helping.

Dancing followed the refreshments, and music was furnished by Eleanor Haney and Grace Caswell.

The committee in charge of the initiation was as follows: Helen Douglas, Chairman, Ethel Winterbottom, Franklyn Young, Alfred Sylvia and Margery Coombs.

The Commercial Club is not wholly a social organization. Business efficiency, and the aim and future work of the Commercial students will be taken up at the various meetings during the year.

The officers of the Club are as follows:

President—Helen Douglas.

Vice President—Alfred Sylvia.

Secretary and Treasurer—Margery Coombs.

M. C., '24.

The Senior Dance

THE first Senior dance of the 1924 class was held Friday evening, October 19, 1923, at eight o'clock. It was a Hallowe'en party and the gymnasium was attractively decorated in black and orange colors representative of the autumn festival. Music was furnished by Yeager's Orchestra. During intermission ice cream, candy, and punch were sold.

The patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. John F. Goggin, Miss Dorothy Muzzey and Miss Margaret Siebert. The ushers were Waldo Haydon, John Hawkins, Earl York, John Parker and Fred Sheard.

Over two hundred guests enjoyed a very pleasant evening and much credit is due Bradford Terry, chairman of the dance committee, and his able and willing assistants whose efforts made the dance both socially and financially such a success.

M. D. W., '24.

Initiation of the G. A. A.

MANY surprises were in store for the freshmen girls, when they were initiated into the Girls' Athletic Association in the High School gymnasium, on the afternoon of October the eighteenth.

The "coiffures" of the "freshies" first attracted our attention. Girls having bobbed hair had their hair done up with twenty-six hair pins! Twenty-six pig tails were required of those having long hair! The costumes of the initiates were quite as ridiculous as the mode of hair dressing. A large red ribbon held blouse collars high; a large bow secured them tightly in front. Stockings of brilliant hue were particularly effective when it was discovered that everyone was walking a la Charlie Chaplin.

The grand march was an

event which will not soon be forgotten. As the girls marched around, they were treated to worms, slapped in the face with rats, compelled to walk planks, and to fall from precipices.

Some of the individual stunts were most entertaining. Miss Aldora Fairweather demonstrated how a modern flapper flirts. Miss Helen May Kidd certainly enjoyed her ice cream treat when she discovered cayenne pepper in it. Miss Yvonne Blanchette, who has a natural dislike for milk, was given a baby's bottle. She drained the contents, and gave the girls a good laugh over the funny faces she made. All of the freshmen suffered mental agonies while being branded.

After the torture, the floor was cleared and the upper classes asked the freshmen to dance. Refreshments were then served.

The faculty were the invited guests at the initiation.

B. R. C., '26; L. F., '26.





TO PREVENT the brow-furrowing and hair-graying process of teaching school from roughening their dispositions, the members of the faculty have to indulge sometimes in recreation. This fall such recreation has been enjoyed in the form of two picnics and an organ recital and social.

The teachers of the High School, in automobiles collected from their own number, drove to the Dunham's camp on Mary's Pond. Tables were spread in the pine grove, and a great deal of excellent food was consumed in the midst of general joking and good cheer. Even after such a supper there were some who were ambitious enough to skip stones or play "duck-on-the-rock" on the beach. Before it was quite dark the party made preparations to go home, but it was found that Miss Siebert's car was disabled. The able mechanics, included in the school

faculty, made the necessary readjustments, however, so that all the cars moved homeward speedily and safely.

A few days later many of the Fairhaven teachers had their first introduction to a clambake at Fort Phoenix. Those to whom the experience was new were quite overwhelmed at the array of strange food which kept piling up on their plates. After paying due respect to the well-represented fish family and its allies, the teachers adjourned to the dance hall where each school showed how funny it could be. The Rogers School group impersonated everything from cats to sunflowers, while the Annex School furnished a full orchestra. The charades from the Anthony School were very clever, but the audience, being school teachers, guessed their meanings. The High School teachers gave a tragic little sketch called "The Wreck of the

(Concluded on Page 19)

Eulogy on Our First Football Defeat

(With Apologies to Daniel Webster.)

BROTHERS: 'Tis a solemn occasion which causes us to be brought together at this time. Alas, the time has come when the same feeling of misery fills all our hearts. Through pride we have not shown it, but it is there.

We played the game and lost. That is nothing to our discredit, however, for a good defeat is better than a poor victory. At first we were certain of winning. The goal was nearly reached, but three times we were thrown back. After that things were uncertain; vain attempts were made to regain lost ground.

We are capable of doing the best. This is the first time such a thing has come into our lives and we solemnly swear it shall never happen again. If only they will keep their faith in us, we will show them the stuff we're made of.

Brothers, we are of a mutual sympathy and although time will erase from our memories the thought of this terrible catastrophe, we go our ways with heavy hearts. Let our object be our team, our whole team, and nothing but our team. And, by the blessing of God, may that team itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom and victory, upon which the world may gaze, with admiration, forever!

M. D. T., '24.

FACULTY

(Concluded from Page 18)

Julie Plante'' that quite moved the audience to tears of laughter.

Of quite a different nature was the entertainment for the Fairhaven pedants held in the evening of October 10th, when Mr. Alton Paull gave an organ recital in the Memorial Church. The music would have been beautiful anywhere and in such a church with its exquisite carving and the stained glass window emerging softly from the darkness, it was something more. After the recital, the Allen Class of the Church invited the teachers into the Parish House where refreshments were served, and an hour spent in general sociability.



She—How much will you charge to treat my sick cat?

Veterinary—Ten dollars.

“Ten dollars what?”

“Ten dollars purr.”

—Nebraska Awgwan.

A tramp knocked at a kitchen door and said: “Please, kind lady, I’m a sick man. The doctor gimme this medicine but I need something to take it with.”

The woman was ready to help. “Poor fellow,” she said, “do you want a spoon and a glass of water?”

“No, mum. I wouldn’t trouble you, but this medicine haster be took after meals. Have you got a meal handy?”

—Judge.

Jack—I know a fellow who ate beef all his life and grew strong as an ox.

Jane—That’s nothing, I know a man who ate fish all his life, and couldn’t swim a stroke.

—Punch.

“What time am it, Sam?”

“My time-piece says two o’clock.”

“What? Ah reads a quatah ob eight!”

“Well, ain’t that two?”

—Eroth.

“Do you like wax beans, Harriet dear?”

“Yes’m, I like all kinds of beans except corn and asparagus.”

—Life.

Student—I shall live by my wits.

Professor—Why die so young?

—Lampoon.

“Why, John, have you my picture in your watch?”

“Well, Helen, I thought perhaps you might love me in time.”

—Brown.

Helen—Don’t you think that a girl should love before twenty?

Uncle—I should say not; that is too large an audience.

—Life.

Teacher—Johnny you stay after class to-night!

Johnny—All right.

Teacher—Why is it that you can be so much better outside of class than you are in class?

Johnny—That's just what I was thinking about you!

—Life.

Pat—Phat time was it when that Ford jumbled by last night?

Mike—About tin after tin!

—Life.

He—Do you like Kipling?

She—I don't know; I've never tried it. How do you kipple?

—Princeton University Press.

The school phonograph had just finished a selection by two famous opera singers, and the teacher said:

"Now, children, who can tell me the names of the singers we have just heard?"

"Caruso," replied one boy.

"Yes. And who was singing with Caruso?"

"His man Friday," was the disconcerting answer.

—Boston Transcript.

"I saw a human fly yesterday."

"Where?"

"On the screen, of course."

—Yale Record.

"Why do you turn out for every road hog who comes along?" she asked rather crossly. "The right of way is yours."

"Surely," said her husband, calmly, "but my reason is suggested by an epitaph I recently saw:

"Here lies the body of William Jay, He died maintaining his right of the way;

He was right, dead right, as he sped along;

But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.' "

—The Automobilst.

Teacher (discussing in a Virgil class the disguise of Cupid as Ascanius, calls on someone).

Pupil—Did you call on me?

Teacher—No, Cupid!

—Fairhaven High School.

The budding orator of the Sophomore class began: "I pause to ask myself a question."

Senior (disgusted)—"Don't, you'll only get a fool answer!"

—Fairhaven High School.

The Freshman was new at sailing and had a severe case of seasickness. He lay in his bunk all day on the verge of dispondeney. At last his mates decided something must be done immediately. One of them, therefore, rushed to his cabin, crying, "Your father is dead!"

The Freshman turned over and murmured, "Lucky dog!"

—Selected.

History teacher—What can you tell me about Papyrus?

Brilliant pupil—He's a Jewish poet visiting the United States!

—Fairhaven High School.

The small delivery boy was delivering to a new customer and had encountered a huge dog in the yard.

"Come in," said the lady, "he doesn't bite."

The boy still hung back. "Does he swallow?" he asked.

—Life.



Boys' Athletics

IN 1922, Fairhaven's football team did not know what the word defeat meant. With Mr. Pidgeon's skillful coaching and the spirit and pluck of the players, the High School had one of the finest teams ever known in its football history.

In June, 1923, some of the best players for years were graduated, and when the fall term of the school year opened, Mr. Pidgeon had a hard time to build up a worthy team. He chose the following line-up: A. Sylvia, rt.; C. Hirst, re.; P. Cieurzo, rg.; F. Dexter, lt.; Hawkins, fb.; P. Sullivan, lg.; E. York, le.; Holland, qb.; B. Terry, lhb.; Macomber, rhb.

The first game of the season was with Hope High. It was a disappointing defeat. One might almost say that Fairhaven beat

itself in this game. The following week, the team met a second defeat—Rockland High School as an opponent. Very poor spirit was shown on the opposing team. On October 6, 1923, Fairhaven played Durfee High, the latter expecting to win by two touchdowns. But Fairhaven furnished an agreeable surprise by beating Durfee 7-0. Victory must have tasted good, for the next week Middleboro lost by a score of 25-0.

The outlook is good for F. H. S. while Mr. Pidgeon coaches. The following is the list of games scheduled for the remainder of the season:

Hyannis at Fairhaven, October 27, 1923.

Whitman at Whitman, November 3, 1923.

New Bedford at New Bedford, November 17, 1923.

E. D., '25.

The Girls' Athletic Association

THE object of the Girls' Athletic Association is to promote and foster inter-class and inter-school athletics. The organization hopes in this way to emphasize proper conduct, fair play, alertness, loyalty, courtesy, self-reliance, promptness, and persistence. The motto of the association is "Play the Game." Membership in the A. A. is open to all girls, and requisite of those taking part in school athletics, as all athletics are managed by the girls through this organization.

Under the auspices of the G. A. A., a tennis match was held early in October on our High School courts. The result of the match was a tie between Fairhaven High girls and New Bedford High girls. The scores were as follows:

Muriel Weeks—Johnny Combs, 6-3, 6-4.

Ruth Hunt-Winifred Mellor, 6-4, 4-6, 6-2.

Margery Coombs-Dorothy Talbot, 7-5, 6-4.

Rosamond Simmons-Laura Gomes, 7-5, 5-7, 6-3.

A return match was scheduled at Buttonwood, the latter part of the month.

For the beginners in tennis a "Get Your Goat" tournament is now being held. Each girl is given a goat with her name on it. If she wins a game from her opponent she wins also her goat; if she loses, the opponent gets her goat. The girl who accumulates the largest number of goats wins the tournament.

The most popular form of athletics in the school is hockey. Inter-class hockey games are now in progress. The hockey captains chosen are: Class A, Aldena Brown; Class B, Anna Burke; Class C, Mildred Parkinson. As the freshmen were inexperienced they had not chosen their captain at the time of this writing. The G. A. A. are hoping to have a hockey game with Hope High of Providence or Lexington High, Lexington. Lexington High is a member of the hockey league of Greater Boston.

R. J. S., '26.

THE PESSIMIST

:: :: ::

Nothing to do but work,
 Nothing to eat but food,
 Nothing to wear but clothes
 To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to sing but song.
 Ah, well, alas, alack!
 Nowhere to go but out,
 Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to breathe but air,
 Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
 Nowhere to fall but off,
 Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to see but sights,
 Nothing to quench but thirst,
 Nothing to have but what we've got;
 Thus thru' life we are cursed.

Nothing to comb but hair,
 Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
 Nothing to weep but tears,
 Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
 Everything moves that goes,
 Nothing at all but common sense
 Can ever withstand these woes.
 —Benjamin F. King, Jr.

THE BRANCHED ROAD

(Concluded from Page 14)

Thomas floating close by. Thomas had been rendered unconscious when the boat was crushed. He slowly opened his eyes and extended his hand. His cold, white fingers closed about Brag's wrist. The raft sank awash by his additional weight. Fear gripped at Brag's heart.

"Let go! Let go!" he screamed. "You'll drown me."

But Thomas begged through purple lips, "Save me."

Brag watched the glassy stare in Thomas' eyes with a peculiar fascination. The steamer was coming nearer, and this man was trying to pull him beneath the cold waves. The cowardly soul of Brag gazed wildly from his eyes like an evil face through a dungeon grate. He screamed and in panic shoved Thomas' white face below the dark waters.

Which only goes to show that, no matter what kind of life is picked out for a man, he will show his true colors in the end.

F. J. M., '27.



On the Wire

B^{RRR}——
“Fairhaven High School.”—
“Hold the line a moment and I will connect you with the head of the Commercial Department.”

“Head of the Commercial Department speaking.”—

“Yes, we run an employment bureau. I have a card for each pupil who has graduated from the department and endeavor to keep the file up to date. Whenever a pupil changes his position I am notified, and change the card accordingly; therefore I am always able to recommend to business men the type of assistants they desire.”—

“No, I have no one out of a position at present. All of last year’s class have very good positions, I believe, and the salary you offer is too low. No one has gone out under \$12.00 a week

and almost everyone receives more.”—

“Yes, some of last year’s class are receiving \$18.00 a week and the majority \$15.00.”—

“Yes, we have a system whereby all Seniors in the Commercial Course who have done excellent work may leave school in May and finish their course in an office.”—

“Yes, we placed most of the class before they graduated last year. Certainly, I would be very glad to send you an excellent stenographer on May 1.”—

“Yes, I should be pleased to place you on my list.”—

“No, I regret I cannot put you first; there are several previous requests.”—

“Very well, thank you. I am glad to be of service to the business men of Fairhaven and New Bedford.”

Mathematics

SHALL WE HAVE A MATHEMATICS CLUB?

EARLY in November a meeting will be called for the purpose of discussing the advisability of organizing a mathematics club. Such a club might be honorary, membership being limited to pupils who are doing at least B work in mathematics. The purpose of the club would be two-fold: first, to organize students with a common interest that they may meet as a social group, and second, to provide the opportunity for further acquaintance with mathematics both as a tool and a pastime. Regular meetings would be held with perhaps an occasional outside speaker on mathematical subjects.

Are you interested? If so, attend the meeting when it is called.

Considerable interest was shown recently by members of the senior and junior mathematics classes in the following "mind teaser" brought to class by E. Knowlton:

$$\begin{aligned} X &= 1 \\ X^2 &= 1 \\ X^2 &= X \\ X^2 - 1 &= X - 1 \end{aligned}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} X^2 - 1 = X - 1 \\ \hline X - 1 \quad X - 1 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} (X+1) \quad (X-1) = X-1 \\ \hline X-1 \quad X-1 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{aligned} X+1 &= 1 \\ 1+1 &= 1 \\ 2 &= 1 \end{aligned}$$

Can you find out what is wrong with it?

Mr. Staples: "What is two times nothing?"
Student (?): "Two."

The Incredible Voyage

THE Channel swim is no longer the topic of the day; it is of the crossing of the Atlantic in a sailboat by Alain Gerbault that we wish to speak.

This young sportsman in a cutter about twenty-eight feet long, of ten tons, has accomplished a feat never before realized in similar conditions.

Leaving Cannes in the month of April he went to Gibraltar and from there started across the Atlantic. For one hundred and forty-two days he struggled against the ocean, the elements, hunger, thirst, the heat of the sun, even sickness, and also against the solitude. Alone upon his frail craft he was always headed toward the promised land which seemed to get farther away each day.

He experienced all pain and suffering, with wonderful courage he withstood them. Three times he was the plaything of the storm. His boat was nearly wrecked. Doggedly he waited for the calm and then proceeded to make repairs. On the 142nd day of the journey he had lived 26 days in a raging storm where the waves buffeted his small cabin, demolishing new objects every day. A large part of the drinking water went bad during one of these days. The angry sea took overboard 180 litres out of 280 litres that he had taken with him.

When he did not have any more drinking water he waited for the rain. He gathered it in receptacles in order to partly quench his thirst.

A warm rain which poured down in torrents obliged him to strip all his clothing from his body in order to stand it. He contracted bronchitis with fever and for two days he was unconscious and delirious in his boat which was at the mercy of the waves. But he carried on.

The 5th of September for the first time he saw a boat. He was then 190 miles east of the Nantucket lightship. The boat was a Greek tramp, the Byron. The captain offered to give the navigator a tow. Gerbault refused, accepting some provisions and fresh water. What can one think of the energy of this young man, fighting for 130 days, subject to great suffering, declining the offer and remaining alone between the sky and the sea in spite of the fear of the next day, but with the will to triumph? What a wonderful lesson in tenacity given to

the entire world. And to fight against sleep! Often Gerbault spent three or four days without closing his eyes, and when he went ashore on Long Island he had not slept for eighty hours.

He used in the course of his journey of 6000 kilometers, 60 pounds of canned beef, 36 cans of condensed milk, 30 kilograms of sugar, 10 pounds of tea and 34 pounds of hard tack.

At his arrival he forgot all his bad moments during nearly five months of travel.

"Apart from the loss of my drinking water the voyage was ideal, God never forgot me. I now intend to go around the world, a cruise of about three years," he said.

"God never abandoned me." One sees Alain Gerbault praying on his knees in his little sloop while the waves threatened to capsize him and the lightning cut the water. What artist would be able to give the beauty of this marvelous isolation when the mariner upon an imperceptible nut-shell was the target of all the raging elements?

Translated from the French (Les Annales.) F. S., '25.

" IF "

:: :: ::

"If those who pine would whistle,
If those who sigh would laugh,
The rose would outgrow the thistle,
The wheat would outrun the chaff."

—Selected.

Latin

IN the Latin Department two pins are awarded each year, one to the pupil who has the least mistakes in the vocabulary play-off for first year Latin, and the other to the pupil from the three upper classes who excels in vocabulary work.

The first vocabulary contest for the "Carpe Diem Sodalitas" (Latin society) Group I was held October 17. Three pupils of the first year class, Hope Dudgeon, Marjorie Knowles and Sydney Burrell, each won a 100 per cent. rating in the group play-off of 160 words. Six other pupils failed on only one word. The team averages were:

Dunham's team	99 %
Hope Dudgeon's team	99 %
Barbara Bates's team	96 %
Prior's team	74 %

The average individual work was 89 per cent. The pin was won in the final by Sydney Burrell, with a score of 100 per cent.

Miss McAfee is still holding the upper class pin from last year, as the contest for the upper class men for this year has not taken place.

A meeting of the "Carpe Diem Sodalitas," the awarder of the pins, was held Friday, September 28, 1923, at 1:30, in Room 8. Winifred Mellor presided.

The following officers were elected for 1923-24:

President—Marion Hiller.

Vice President—Nellie Coombs.

Secretary-Treasurer—Miriam D. Waldron.

Chairman of Entertainment Committee—Margaret Goggin.

M. D. W., '24.

Domestic Science

SNIFF! Sniff! An aromatic fragrance pervades the hall. Mr. Dickey is busy at his desk. Soon he glances up and looks around. Then, of a sudden, he remembers an important notice he has to give to Miss Strong. His business is forgotten for the moment and he wends his way hastily down the stairs toward the culinary department. As he enters the room, twelve maidens, clad in white, look up. Each is busy preparing a dainty dish which might satisfy the palate of a king. No wonder, because each ingredient is measured out carefully even though a thirty-second of a teaspoonful.

The pungent odor of the coffee rises to the ceiling! Mr. Dickey, with shifting glance, delivers his message to the instructor. At last he turns slowly with a few "hems" and "haws." He looks first at the food and then at Miss Strong. Their task completed, the maidens view the result with satisfaction.

Miss Strong cannot help but notice the longing look on Mr. Dickey's face. She invites him to indulge.

"Nothing ever tasted better," is his comment.

As he leaves the room with that look of supreme satisfaction we might well quote the old adage:

"A way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

The following is one of the menus from the cooking department which we take pleasure in passing to you:

1. CREAM OF GREEN PEA SOUP

1 can green peas	1 pt. vegetable water	1 pt. milk
2 tbsp. butter	2 tbsp. flour	salt
French peas for garnish		pepper

Drain the peas, then cook in about 3 c. hot water until soft. Reserve 2 cups vegetable water. Rub peas through a strainer. Make sauce of butter, flour and milk. Boil 5 min. Add sauce to vegetable pulp and stock; heat and season to taste.

2. TWIN MOUNTAIN MUFFINS

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk	$\frac{1}{4}$ c. sugar
2 c. flour	1 egg	3 tsp. baking powder

Cream the butter; add sugar and egg well beaten; sift baking powder with flour, and add to the first mixture, alternating with milk. Bake in buttered tin gem pans twenty-five minutes.

3. BEEFSTEAK PIE

Cut remnants of cold broiled steak or roast beef in one-inch cubes. Cover with boiling water, add one-half onion, and cook slowly one hour. Remove onion, thicken gravy with flour diluted with cold water, and season with salt and pepper. Add potatoes cut in one-fourth inch slices, which have been parboiled eight minutes in boiling salted water. Put in a buttered pudding dish, cool, cover with baking powder biscuit mixture or pie crust. Bake in a hot oven. If covered with pie crust, make several incisions in crust that gases may escape.

4. PLAIN CAKE

3 t. butter	1 c. sugar	2 eggs
$\frac{1}{2}$ c. milk (or water)	2 t. baking powder	$1\frac{1}{2}$ c. flour
	$\frac{1}{2}$ t. vanilla	

SPICE CAKE

Mix 1 t. grated nutmeg and cinnamon with dry ingredients and omit vanilla.

5. CHOCOLATE PUDDING

3 tsp. butter	$\frac{1}{4}$ c. sugar	2 tsp. baking powder
$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt	1 egg	$\frac{1}{4}$ c. milk
	1 sq. chocolate	1 c. flour

Mix like cake. Melt chocolate and add last. Steam in buttered moulds 1 hr. Serve with Foamy Sauce.

6. COFFEE

Allow 2 tbsp. coffee for each person and 2 tbsp. extra. Mix with broken egg shells and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. cold water. Let this come to the boiling point, and add 1 cup boiling water for each person. Boil 3 m., add $\frac{1}{2}$ c. cold water, pour out 1 c. and pour it back, stand for 10 m. on back of the stove where it will keep hot but not boil.

M. D. W., '24.

Sewing

THE sewing classes of the school gave an exhibition of their work June 27, 1923, in the library.

Dresses, blouses and under-garments of various colors and patterns were arranged artistically around the room. All of the girls had at least one article of their own handiwork for display, the majority had several.

It was generally conceded that the girls did remarkably well, particularly the freshmen and sophmores who had only one-half of the year in which to do their work.

Many of the seniors were able to make a complete set of under-garments for graduation. All the work showed careful and skillful preparation on the part of the girls, due, we know, to the able supervision of their instructor, Miss Gifford.

At present the advanced sewing class is planning a great many useful as well as complicated garments. Several of the girls are making sets of underwear for graduation, silk blouses, shirt waists and skirts, as well as evening dresses.

Miss Gifford has been considering a visit to one of the New Bedford cotton mills principally for the study of economic aspects. This is being planned for the senior classes.

Later on this year we hope to have a man from the Singer Sewing Machine Company demonstrate and explain the mechanism and care of the various parts of the machine.

B. M. D., '26.



Household Chemistry

THE aim of the Household Chemistry course is twofold. First, we want to find out something about the chemical actions which take place in such ordinary household processes as cooking and cleaning. Second, and this is perhaps more important—we want to learn what science, and especially chemistry, can do to help us in our everyday lives at home,—why it is, for example, that whenever we soften hard water we are using the results of hours of laboratory research.

To carry out these aims, we must first lay a foundation of chemical theory before we can make any practical applications. The preliminary work therefore deals with chemical changes, some of the great laws of chemistry, and some of the commoner and more important elements, such as oxygen, hydrogen and carbon.

For the practical part of our work, we spend most of our time on two main topics: food and clothing. In studying foods, we learn what the various nutrient substances are which they contain. We find out something about adulterants commonly used in food and how to detect them. Under this topic may perhaps be included the subject of bacteria, yeasts and molds, since these tiny organisms are studied especially to see their influence on the preservation of food.

In the topic of textiles we first learn to distinguish pure wool, linen and silk from mixtures. Then we spend some time in studying the chemistry of laundering the removal of stains, and how to apply it to our own problems. Under this heading we can include the subjects of hard waters and their softening, and the making of soap.

Among our minor topics, in the sense that we spend less time on them, are the regulation of fires and gas flames, how to make a fire extinguisher at home, and harmful and harmless methods of cleaning silver and other metals.

This may give some idea of the many and varied ways in which we can make use of chemistry every day of our lives. In this course we try to correlate these uses as closely as possible with the pure science of chemistry, so that on the basis of a combination of theory and practical knowledge, we can make new applications of chemistry for ourselves as the need arises.

Japan: The Scene of Disaster

REFERENCES:

The Literary Digest, September 15, 1923. Pages 7-9.

The Literary Digest, September 22, 1923. Pages 10-12.

Atlantic Monthly, July, 1923.

[The following is a stenographic report by Marjorie Silvia of a lecture delivered before the History Class by Franklin Dexter.]

SATURDAY morning, September 1, 1923, found Japan a quiet little nation. That same afternoon and night found Japan a nation of disaster. This disaster was not the result of human cause such as war, but from earthquakes, a natural cause that man cannot control.

In Tokio, the capital, the streets were crowded with men, women and children, sightseeing and marketing. About noon, and without warning, came the first of a series of these earthquakes. At the first shock the houses fell and cracks appeared in the earth. The water mains burst and fires broke out in a dozen different places. Following the shock, a tidal wave crashed in upon the land altering the harbor and drowning thousands. Within ten minutes the lower part of the city was under ten inches of water and the higher part a blazing mass of ruins. People trapped on all sides knelt below the blazing inferno in prayer. Only the modern American buildings withstood the shock and fire.

In Asakusa Park the cries of the animals in the zoo could be heard for miles around. A tower fell there killing seven hundred people. The city of Asakusa was wholly destroyed.

At Yokohama the same conditions prevailed. Three quarters of the city was destroyed. Several smaller cities were also demolished.

The entire devastated area would have covered all of New York city, the Catskill and Adirondack summer resorts, Jersey City and Newark.

The Red Cross place the number lost at 103,000, the missing at 235,000 and the homeless at 2,000,000. This earthquake is the greatest disaster of its kind in history.

Plans are being made already to modernize the destroyed area, with wide streets and steel fireproof buildings. This will detract from the oriental quaintness of the city, but will add to its safety.

Japan has an average of four shocks a day but most of them are

(Concluded on Page 35)

Printing

FOR several years it has been the custom of the Fairhaven High School to conduct a printing department which has carried out a busy program throughout the year. There has been so much work this year that the school magazine, which up to this time has been printed at the school, has had to be done elsewhere. We wish it all success and an everlasting life in its new hands.

At present the printing department is exceedingly rushed. Nearly six hundred football tickets must be printed each week for the Saturday's game, besides posters which announce the games. Other jobs, such as printing ten thousand recipes for the cooking room, and the minor tasks of library permits and various office slips leave no leisure time.

But in spite of all this rushing business there are always amusing incidents in the lives of the printers. One boy asked Mr. Parkinson where he could find some Old English "quads" which of course do not exist. Another new hand at the work was much concerned when he could not find any "picas", which can not be picked up any more than can the colors in a spectrum. Even Mr. Parkinson has to join in the merriment.

Diminutive "Rex" York is in charge of running the power press and though he may be small, there is never any fault to find with his work. Among the talented and experienced members of the department are John Johnson and Robert Caswell, two former "Star" employees, whose work and knowledge are a great asset.

We hope that some day our printing department will reach the stage where it will be ranked among the first in high school printing departments.

B. C. T., '25.

JAPAN: THE SCENE OF DISASTER

(Concluded from Page 34)

small and give the appearance of a light wind blowing. Scientists say that these earthquakes are due to the leakage of the sea off the coast of Japan into the earth's crust. It is known as the "Luscarora Deep"—a great area where the ocean is five miles in depth; it is said that the reaction upon the earth's crust causes the shock.

As great as the disaster was, the problem of re-construction is already being considered, and life in Japan is fast assuming a more normal aspect.

Civics

IF every pupil who takes a course in Civics in high school could really assimilate all the material to which he is exposed, enthusiasm, energy and serious purpose would characterize all activities which have to do with the "life together." There are infinite opportunities to impress the pupil for the rest of his life with his responsibility as a member of a small community which is a structural part of the state, the national, and the world group. Often, however, the point of contact between the practical and theoretical is not made because Civics is school work and hence foreign to everyday life.

In order to make some vital connection between these two, a Civics Club has been formed, comprising the two Civics classes of the High School, which will stand ready to coöperate with the Fairhaven Improvement Association. The club, which is a reorganization of a similar one formed here two years ago, will try to carry on the interests and activities of the Junior Improvement Association at the Rogers Grammar School. It is hoped that in this way the boy or girl as a high school pupil may feel that he is an integral part of the life of the town, so that when he becomes a citizen, he will be already interested in and well-informed of the town's problems and will be able to take up his responsibility competently.

The regular course in civics aims to train the pupil how to think about matters in which a citizen must be interested. The fundamentals of government, of taxation, of labor, of industry, of social problem are all touched upon. Current events, too, is made an important feature of the year's work. But above all stress is laid on the fact that:

"We are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making, if
It does not wake the man."

Music

THIS year we are very fortunate in having added to our curriculum, courses in the "History and Appreciation of Music", and in the "Theory of Music and Elementary Harmony."

"Music hath charms." To understand and appreciate this charm is the purpose of the course in the "History and Appreciation of Music."

A brief survey of the year's work includes the following division of the subject matter for study: how music began, the instruments used by prehistoric peoples, the music of the ancients and that of the medieval and modern people up to our own time, and the various types of modern music and their source. The first two phases have been completely covered by the class; the third partially.

To aid in the development of the appreciation of music, records will be played on the victrola from time to time.

The first record to be studied by the class was one in which the pentatonic or five tone scale was used. It was entitled "The Dagger Dance" from the opera "Natoma", by Victor Herbert.

The course in the "Theory of Music and Elementary Harmony" is based upon the following phases: elementary terminology and notation, the study of simple rhythmic forms, chromatic tones and representations, theory of "Common Measure", syncopation, theory of "Compound Measure", F clef and G clef, key structure, minor mode, intervals, terms of expression and tempo commonly used, and elementary harmony.

Miss Trowbridge's pupils are thoroughly enjoying these new courses and are anticipating the future work with her.

M. M. G., '24; E. S. S., '24.



A Python Hunt

AS THE sun began to set in the rose colored clouds of the West, two Zulu boys came running across hill and valley, through bushes and across a swift river, to tell the white boy who lived at the trader's store, that they had seen a huge python. It was about fifteen feet long, they thought, and was in a thick clump of tall grass and shrubbery. They said that it had already eaten many of their goats and was liable any moment to swing out and catch a human victim.

The trader's boy could hardly believe it at first, but he knew that there were pythons in the surrounding country, and that possibly there might be one as big as the Zulu boys had said. He didn't wait even to reply, but rushed into the house, seized his gun, and whistled to the dogs.

The three were soon hurrying on their way, at an almost unbelievable pace, the Zulu boys doing all they could to keep up with their enthusiastic companion. The dogs had become excited, too, by this time, and were running all around trying to make out what it was their usually quiet owner wanted of them. Before long they arrived at the place where the dreaded reptile was said to be. It was in a little valley where a tiny stream wound its way.

The party now advanced with as much quietness and swiftness as possible. The python had moved from its former position and had gone some distance further into the part where the grass and shrubbery were more dense. Therefore it was only when they had let the dogs loose that they located it. The trader's boy then tiptoed gradually towards the place where the python was hissing.

All of a sudden there was a yelp and a howl, and the hunter saw his dog tossed, or rather knocked, about six feet up in the air. Then with this little encouragement he tiptoed forward again, until he saw a dark looking object in a small excavation which was in the most dense part of the brush. It didn't take him long to tell what the object was, so he moved a little farther back. It was useless for him to shoot right into the body as this would just make the huge snake more angry, so he waited until he saw the head, which he could tell by the two glittering eyes that were turned on him. It was rather trying for the nerves, but he took a quick, steady aim and fired. The report

thundered, echoed and re-echoed among the hills and valleys.

After the smoke had cleared away, the party which had gathered to the spot cautiously poked the dead python with a long stick to make sure it was really dead. When this test had proven successful, they hauled the monster out and started on the two mile walk home. The trader's boy carried the head, and the two Zulu boys the middle and the tail. It was a one hundred and sixty pound weight, so they had to go slowly. When they reached home, they found a crowd of heathen people, or raw natives, waiting to see the python and get a little of its fat, which is considered valuable medicine.

There was a huge misshapen object in about the middle of the python's body. Everybody waited to see what it was. After the man, who was hired to skin it, had opened the stomach up they found that it was a full grown duiker back or impunzi which the python had swallowed whole. The skin measured about sixteen feet and it was said to be the biggest python found in the country.

F. C. C., '27.

Be the Best of Whatever You Are

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,
Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub at the side of the rill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass,
Some highway to happier make,
If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass—
But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,
There's something for all of us here;
There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,
And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail,
If you can't be the sun, be a star;
It isn't by size that you win or you fail—
Be the best of whatever you are.

—Cheer.

Things That Never Happen

"Brad" Terry doing something without "Oscar's" help.
 Alvin Keen jazzing at a high school dance.
 "Pike" Porter minus his playthings.
 Alice Harding in a silent mood.
 "Freddy" Perkins without a smile.
 Mr. Pidgeon telling the boys how splendidly they play.
 Rex York trying to tackle a hard lesson.
 Room 4 without Margaret Chapin.
 Mr. Dickey without his "Morning Mercury".
 Miss Allen with a spare moment.
 Somebody getting away with anything with Miss Gurney.
 "Winnie" Mellor minus a giggle.
 "Fat" Barnes trying to reduce.
 "Johnny" Coombs in an effeminate role.
 One of the Nashes on the Honor Roll.
 "Ellie" Knowlton without his radio.
 Fairhaven High school and no P. G.
 "Clem" Sawin without an opinion.
 Jerome minus a wild idea.
 Franklin Young not looking for an "ad."

MATHEMATICAL INDIGESTION

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Little Croak, a frog was he,
 Who sat upon the shore;
 He quickly ate two angle worms,
 And looked about for more.
 But now his indigestion's bad
 The reason can but be:
 The angle-worms he ate were of
 A forty-five degree.

—Brown,

Mischief Makers

IN THE city of Baltimore, Maryland, lived a little girl called Betty. She lived with her Mother, Daddy, and brother Jack, in a spacious and elaborate house on one of the beautiful avenues, of which Baltimore possesses many.

Betty was five and Jack three years old. They were very good companions and had a great many playmates whom they loved very much, but Billy who lived next door seemed to be their favorite. This trio, as they played together, were much fun to watch.

Jack had curls as black as the blackest feather to be found on a raven, and eyes like the skies with many twinkling stars.

Betty was a decided contrast with her long golden curls and blue eyes shining with merriment most of the time.

Billy had dark red curls clinging closely to his shapely head. His eyes were a blue gray like the feathers of a dove.

Now Jack and Betty were brought up very strictly. Their parents were devoted to them, although they had a great many social engagements that kept them away from home. But Susan was a competent governess and she had full charge of Jack and Betty. However, she discovered a liking for Buckwright, the butler, and the children were more and more left to their own resources.

Billy was brought up not quite as strictly as Jack and Betty. His Mother was an ardent society worker and left him a great deal, supposedly in the care of a governess.

But he was invariably left to himself and, being a very mischievous little boy, often caused his parents a great deal of anxiety.

One day the three little mischief makers were left alone to play. They had tried several games but nothing seemed to satisfy an inexplorable desire to do something more exciting, and I'm afraid, a wee bit naughty.

"I have an idea," volunteered Billy.

"Oh!" said Jack and Betty in the same breath, "tell us quick 'fore you forget."

"Promise you'll like it, 'cause I thought an awful long time."

"We promise."

"Well then, let's play we are barbers."

"Oh, goody, goody, let's."

They scurried around and found several sheets which would serve as aprons, and two pairs of scissors.

Then three little rogues with twinkling eyes installed their barber shop under the back porch where their sand pile was. Of course barbers get hungry quite frequently; so to avoid any possible chance of starvation, a supply of bread and jam was put in a little box in the corner.

"Now," said Billy, "I thought of this, so I'll be barber first, then Betty and then Jack. Remember, we have to act like grown ups." Then, turning to Betty, "Good morning, Miss Betty, right this way."

Betty climbed upon an Ivory Soap box and Billy wound a sheet around her and then proceeded to manipulate the scissors in a very disastrous fashion. One by one the golden curls fell to the sand covered floor until there was only one left.

"Miss Betty, that looks very much better," said her barber as he stood off and surveyed his handwork.

"How much is it?" asked Betty.

"One slice of bread with jam, please. Thank you."

They played at being barbers until there wasn't any more hair left to cut.

"Jack and Betty," called Susan, "lunch is ready."

"Goody-bye, Billy, we're going to walk with Susan this afternoon, so we'll not see you until tomorrow."

Jack and Betty were unexpectedly met at the door by their Mother. Realizing what had happened she called their Daddy.

For punishment, their Daddy had both their little heads shaved.

Billy was dealt with in the same way, and the trio were separated for a while.

G. W. W., '24,



Martin Eden

By JACK LONDON

(Published by MacMillan and Company)

The scene of the story is laid in the city of London and in the South Seas. The plot centers about a young dock-worker of the slums of London, who saves the life of an English girl of culture.

The young man, whose name is Martin Eden, is invited by the girl whose life he has saved, to visit her at her home. The two fall in love, but are widely separated by their positions in life. Martin, therefore, determines to gain an education and eventually does so.

The girl, however, urged by her mother, breaks her engagement with Martin, partly because she is afraid his ideas are too radical for her family to understand.

Martin, in despair, goes to the South Seas where he finally commits suicide and dies unhappily.

Martin Eden, himself, is the most interesting character by far in the book. He is pictured as a young man raised in poverty and destitution, an orphan who had an intense ambition to acquire an education and elevate his station in life. He possessed an intelligent mind which was in some respects, however, abnormal and inclined to be morbid. Had his environment been different, the story of the young man's life would have been a happier one.

This book is, of course, rather sad, but it is interesting throughout. It expresses many unique ideas and contains a moral which can be seen by all, although it may be differently interpreted.

G. C., '26.

Modern Verse

By ANITA P. FORBES

(Published by Henry Holt Company. Price \$1.25)

"Modern Verse" by Miss Forbes is one of the latest additions to the texts in the English department of the high school. As its name implies it is a collection of the more recent poetry of contemporary authors, and is divided under the following heads: War, Child and Home, City, Country and Sea.

The authors are many and of different types and the lives of the more important writers are given in the brief survey in the appendix of the book.

To the casual reader, the book will prove delightful; to lovers of poetry, a real treat.

M. D. W., '24.

Autumn

The first little leaf came fluttering down,
The rugged old tree began to frown,
 Lo! Autumn was here.
The first little breeze with an icy blast,
Made the sturdy old oak look quite aghast.
 Yes, Autumn was here.

With a look of sadness and anxious care,
"Soon will my branches be naked bare,
 Since Autumn is here.
My beautiful dress of emerald green,
Whose beauty full many an eye has seen—
 Ere Autumn was here.

My leaves will soon vanish, the days will grow drear;
The sun with its warmth will forget to draw near,
 Now Autumn is here.
But I shall stand with my arms to the skies
Strong in my faith as all other hope dies,
 Though Autumn is here."

M. C., '26.



Directory of Class of 1923

CLASSICAL COURSE

Allen, John	Holland, Hilton
Worcester Academy	University of Vermont
Andrews, Edward	Horne, Howard
Norwich Academy	Boston University
Chapin, Margaret	Humphrey, Marion
Fairhaven High School	At Home
DeVine, Richard	Linden, Thomas
New Bedford Textile	At Home
Dexter, Lorraine	Lovejoy, Elizabeth
Hyannis Normal	Bridgewater Normal
Drake, Charles Henry	Mellor, Lillian
Swain School	Bridgewater Normal
Dugdale, Winnifred	Mitchell, Charles Bradford
Hyannis Normal	Worcester Academy
Eldridge, George	Perry, Josephine
Tufts	Bridgewater Normal
Fenstermaker, William	Peters, Anna
Browne's Pharmacy, Fairhaven	Radeliffe
Frost, Dorothy	Pierce, Ruth
Mt. Holyoke	N. B. G. & E. L. Co., Office
Gifford, Marion	Reynolds, Joyce
At Home	Hyannis Normal
Gifford, Sherman	Rounsville, Sherman
Working in New Bedford	University of Maine
Hartley, Margaret	Sawin, Clement
At Home	Fairhaven High School

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 Bridgewater Normal
 Taber, Frances
 Atlas Tack Office
 Tripp, Charles Jerome
 Fairhaven High School
 Tripp, Otis
 At Home

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